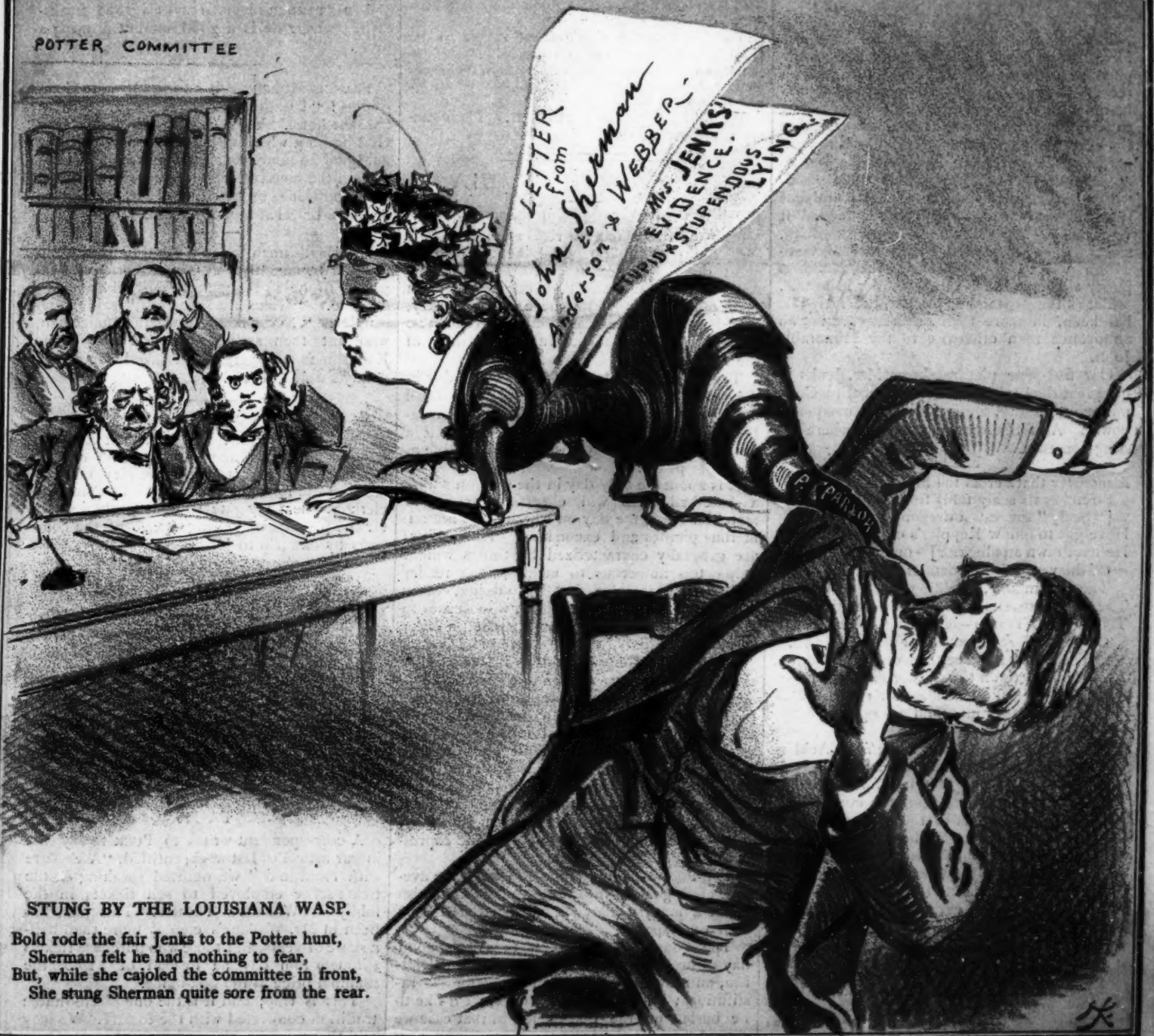




POTTER COMMITTEE



STUNG BY THE LOUISIANA WASP.

Bold rode the fair Jenks to the Potter hunt,
Sherman felt he had nothing to fear,
But, while she cajoled the committee in front,
She stung Sherman quite sore from the rear.

"PUCK",

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H. C. BUNNER.....MANAGING EDITOR.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PUCK will hereafter be on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 449, Strand, Charing Cross.

PUCK may be had in Saratoga at BRENTANO'S new store, opposite Congress Park.

Our **Portrait of GAIL HAMILTON**, announced for this week, will appear next. Our artist exhausted himself drawing the alligator in our double-page cartoon, and will have to recuperate for a few days before he can again get into a frame of mind sufficiently elevated to tackle this lofty subject.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

CARTOONS.

FEW will, we think, be found to deny that Mrs. Agnes D. Jenks is unique, not to say phenomenal, as a witness. She has put on record, within the past two weeks, more arabesque testimony than any other woman known to History. It must be admitted, however, that the exact utility of her performance is not apparent. The original idea of Mrs. Jenks's appearance, so far as the public understood, was to effect the vindication of an eminent statesman who needed vindication—needed it very badly. The Honorable John Sherman, somewhat overshadowed by too much investigation, was to stand out in all his luminous purity as soon as Agnes had told her little tale.

But as things stand at present, the little tale has been, in more than one sense, rather an annoyance than otherwise to the Honorable John.

Our first-page picture shows Mrs. Jenks in her great dual role. As the Investigating Committee can testify, she is a buzzer of unequalled power. And Sherman can explain where her sting comes in.

A monster that across the helpless land
 Stretches its scaly folds from sea to sea—
 ["Scaly" suggests a dragon, but then we
 Have got to follow Kepler's copy and
 He has drawn an alligator]—on his back a band
 Of thieves and bummers on humanity—

The Communist, shrieking wildly to be free,
 The Politician, smiling sleek and bland,
 The cheerful Tramp—all having a picnic grand
 On top of that alligator. Filled with awe,

The reader may see them on pages 8 and 9.
 Also please note on the sinister hand
 The pretty girl in the alligator's jaw.
 A satisfactory mouthful, we opine.

We have a suggestion to make *in re* Acklen, and we make it on our last page. Our readers will readily perceive that it affords the only possible means of equalizing the contest that must take place to salve the wounded honor of the gentleman who says he didn't do it.

The picture tells its own story; but while we are on this subject, we wish to call attention to a little extract, from the Minneapolis *Tribune*, which for easy frankness and colloquial simplicity we have never seen surpassed:

"General Rosser left this morning for Fargo, and does not seem to be worried about a duel with Congressman Acklen. He will not talk of the subject, however, and logically asks why Acklen should desire to fight him for preventing him from committing a crime. General Rosser understands from the reports that Acklen will make the fullest reparation in his own power—*marry the girl.*"

PROSECUTING THE BANNOCK WAR.

THE time has again arrived for the active prosecution of the Bannock War. The Bannocks, it should be understood, are a tribe of Indians whose specialty is being "pacified" by the regular U. S. Army. This is done during stated periods in summer. An account of the present trouble reads as follows:

THE BANNOCK WAR.

FOUR HUNDRED PIUTES THREATEN TO GO
 ON THE WAR PATH.
 SETTLERS AT WHITE HORSE MEADOWS,
 OREGON.

GENERAL HOWARD TAKES A HOPEFUL VIEW OF THE
 SITUATION.

The report then goes into details. It says:

"Captain Bendire, with his cavalry company of sixty men have arrived. Col. Bernard's cavalry is somewhere in that neighborhood."

The details of the fighting are not very sanguinary. Of the bloodiest combat it is said:

"On Friday afternoon the Indians attacked and burned a stage on the Boise City and Winnemucca road, at a point a short distance south of the Owyhee River. The driver is said to have been murdered; but, as his body has not yet been found, there is a probability that he has escaped."

The hero of the engagement seems to be Capt. Bainbridge. Of him it is said:

"Captain Bainbridge sent two Bannock Indians as messengers to confer with Buffalo Horn, and to learn his whereabouts and intentions."

We wait for further particulars. The country is meanwhile safe.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE Fourth of July will be here to-morrow, if to-morrow arrives all right. It is a day which is generally kept up with a great deal of vigorous patriotism. If the Americans had declared their independence on the 17th of October or the 23d of January, why, then, the Fourth of July would not rise above the dignity and general respectability of the 13th of August.

The Fourth of July is about the only day in the year on which a man may blow his head off without becoming an object of unfavorable criticism. This alone ought to make it a popular day with people who regard suicide as a road to peace.

It is about the only day in the year on which a base-ball club will cheerfully play two matches. It is the day on which there are numerous picnics and excursions. These affairs are generally characterized by things which, being too numerous to mention, the reader will please to imagine, and, by so doing, confer a boundless favor on the editor, who desires to economize space as much as possible, in order to give his readers as great a variety as he can.

There is nothing in this world which has such a tendency to dislocate the small-boy's soul as the happy contemplation of the Fourth of July. Weeks and weeks before it arrives, he lies awake at night and thinks how glorious it is to be an American, and lays plans by which he may obtain stove-lids and other portable junk surreptitiously, to hypothecate to ragmen, and thereby raise the requisite legal tender to supply himself with firecrackers, brass-cannons and engines of patriotic expression.

The Fourth of July is the day when the average clerk goes off into the country to languish under a honeysuckle vine, and fan the flies off with a newspaper.

The Fourth of July seems to us as a good day to be buried on. We admit our patriotism, and love of America and its glorious institutions; but, at the same time, we'd like to be buried on the Fourth, for in that case we should have died about the second, and thus have escaped the racket.

Puckerings.

A THORN in the bush is worth two in the hand.

A CURIOSITY—A tramp who carries visiting-cards.

A CONGRESSIONAL witness is one who can testify but won't.

TO-MORROW the song of the firecracker will be heard in the land.

A DOG's bark may be worse than his bite, but we prefer the bark.

THE chief beauty of a mortuary matinee is that it is a dead head affair.

THE Fourth of July may be a glorious holiday, but the fireman doesn't think so.

A BARTENDER ought to make a good marksman, because he is a good hand at drawing a bead.

FRANCIS MURPHY writes to the Lecture Committees: "I want \$150 a week and board at the best hotel. Yours in Christ." The son of God had not where to lay his head; silver and gold had he none. But then he wasn't running around the country preaching abstinence from the good things of this earth, and making an eighteen-barreled fool of himself.

AN Englishman fell in a fainting fit in Camden, N. J., recently. A shoemaker who happened to be in the vicinity hurried to his assistance. "Take that man off," said a bystander. "Never mind," said the policeman, who just then arrived. "He'll do." The Englishman recovered and asked for a ha'penny's worth of 'ale.

WHY is it that nobody considers it a sin to cheat a corporation? There is not a single millionaire of our acquaintance who doesn't absolutely revel in assuming the airy nonchalance of the regular commuter and passing the clerk at the ferry-gate without paying, solely for the pleasure of getting ahead of the company by one trip to Jersey.

AROSE at six o'clock this morning, and see what I found in taking a walk on the highway," said the old father, displaying a silver dollar; proof of the advisability of early rising.

"No," replied the son.
 "And why not?" said the father, just as people always do in Sunday-school stories.
 "Because I," replied the son, "lost it," boldly replied the son, "I found it early for his own good."

FAC.

A correspondent writes us that in our article of last week, entitled "Theatre with Traditions," we omitted speaking of the ticket-seller employed to sell tickets in the lobby of Wallack's Theatre. This man has been in Mr. Wallack's employ more than half a score of years, and those who purchase tickets through him pay \$2 instead of \$1.50, the nominal price at the box-office.

This is true; and it is the one discreditable tradition connected with the theatre. We may add that this man always has front seats—even when they cannot be bought at the box-office.

A DOMESTIC EPISODE.

IT was a little late when Miggins reached home. The fact had not passed unnoticed by his wife. The children were all asleep. When Miggins had smoothly closed the front-door his attention was drawn to what seemed to be a black cat seated on the stairs. Miggins took a cane from the hat-rack and sought quietly to dislodge the intruder. It proved one of those cases where the best intentions fail lamentably, for Mrs. Miggins screeched from the top of the stairs:

"Artie, is that you?"

The only response was the noise of a man beating the marble floor with a cane.

"Artie," again repeated the wife.

Miggins at this point moved the hall chair into position so as to reach the chandelier and turn up the gas. Just at this moment the cat gave a leap forward. Miggins made an effort to strike at it, when losing his balance he rolled over and the gas was entirely turned out. Blindly, fiendishly and in utter darkness, he then went for that cat. But without avail. The first resistance he encountered was a soft object on the hall table. This he beat furiously for some time till he found it was his own new hat. Then he desisted and gave utterance to an oath appropriate to the occasion.

The door bell was rung furiously while Miggins was groping about the hallway looking for that cat. There was the echo of falling furniture. Miggins's brother-in-law, who resided with him, rushed from his room at this point and exclaimed:

"There he is, drunk again!"

Miggins, still moving about on his hands and knees, and, whacking the cane in every direction, denied the truth of the assertion, and entered into a colloquy. The bell was again rung and Mrs. Miggins suggested from the banister:

"Artie, dear, why don't you attend to the door?"

He hastened forward and opened it, and his second son entered. They had supposed him to be at home, and his entrance at this hour was designed to be secret and surreptitious.

"What do you mean by this?" thundered Miggins.

His son was speechless in the dark. Then the wife and the brother-in-law had something to say to him from their respective floors.

"Come help me look for the cat," said Miggins.

The two began banging about the floor, the father with a cane, the son with an umbrella. Suddenly the cat made a spring and went up the stairs like a streak, to the unspeakable anguish of the wife and brother-in-law. Miggins and son followed closely after. The children, awakened by this fracas, now rushed into the hallways and the house resounded by cries of "meow, meow," etc. The youngest boy (John) was rather clever in his imitation of purring, but the father did not look upon it as a desirable accomplishment just at that moment. The cat was lost in space. Then the brother-in-law, who was an ingenious man—he was a book-agent—leaned over insinuatingly and began chirping: "Here pussy, pussy, come 'ere, puss, puss."

It occurred to Miggins that this portended that the cat was in sight. So he struck out wildly with his cane—and hit the brother-in-law on the head. An assault followed wherein the brother-in-law (he was an ingenious man) rolled all the way down the stairs.

Meanwhile an occasional "meow" was heard at a great distance from the cat. Mrs. Miggins wept copiously, and was unavailing for active service. But the house servants took a hand—or more—in the pursuit, and made up

in uproar what they lacked in success. The children were gleeful. One of the neighbors sent in to know why "that drunken man was not arrested." Miggins sent back word that he was sober. The cat finally lodged under the brother-in-law's bed and could not be removed. Hostilities were concentrated at this point, but without avail. The police entered just then and bore Miggins away. The ingenious brother-in-law occupied his room (the cat held possession of his own), and thanked Providence that he was righteous. But Miggins dispossessed him on his return, and peace has since been restored to the family.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

IN these days of poetical degeneracy, it is difficult to find, and it is very seldom that we do find, a production in verse which is characterized by pretty conception, sustained thought, and originality in execution. In other words, we seldom come across a poem so wildly beautiful and original that it takes possession of us like a spell, and, while lingering on its bosom of roses and other things popular in poetry, we are so overcome and enchanted that we can't distinguish the difference between a pansy and a hay-cutter.

We found one of these poems not long ago. Here is the first verse:

"On this wall were pictured quaintly
(By whose hand I do not know)
Features sad, but very saintly,
Years ago."

The inference is that this fair maiden was pictured on the wall by some rejected scamp with a piece of charcoal or a paint-brush; for the poet says, with great emphasis, and probably in a sanguinary spirit:

"By whose hand I do not know."

This proves that he would like to know the proprietor of that hand.

In the next stanza the fair damsel's eye, eyelid, lips and hair are commented on in a most luxurious manner. How the poet ascertained the fact that she possessed a lustrous eye of blue and golden hair from a charcoal sketch, or even from a carte-de-visite, is rather strange and unaccountable, unless he made some kind of an Edisonian machine for the purpose.

The third stanza might have been written by Rossetti. It might have been, but it wasn't:

"Hid within a corner shady,
Which no stranger's eye explores;
Was she sweetheart, wife or Lady
Of Dolores?"

This stanza opens up a vague vista for argument, and should be utilized by debating societies.

What would be finer than to hear a couple of men arguing, and trying to satisfy themselves whether this female was really

"——Sweetheart, wife or Lady
Of Dolores?"

Besides "explores" and "Dolores" is a very unique sort of rhyme, and is original with the author of the poem now under discussion.

The fourth and last verse is so extraordinary that we copy it in full:

"I know not! a glance, a stanza
To the picture on the wall!—
On her breast I pin a pansy,
That is all!"

And that is all, thank heaven.

THE HONEST PENNSYLVANIAN.

THE name of the man who is entitled to the credit of discovering that strange phenomenon, an "Honest Pennsylvanian," is Hobart Holmes. At the first glance the full extent of the triumph is not apparent. But when we come to consider that the whole of the State is laced with railways, and that myriads of travelers annually cross and re-cross its area, and that until the present no honest Pennsylvanian has ever been found, it will be seen that Holmes has achieved a really great success. But surprise gives way to positive wonder when we consider that the man found was a Pennsylvania legislator.

It seems incredible; but we assure our readers that he is not only a resident, but a native of the Keystone State. We need scarcely observe that he is not now a legislator. For the very moment his trait of honesty was discovered, his constituents repudiated him, and by common consent of all parties he was relegated to the shades of private life. The way Holmes found him was rather peculiar.

It seems that when it was found that the man was honest, he was ostracised from political, journalistic, theatrical and ministerial circles. It is worthy of record that the actors and journalists acted very well in the matter; and we are willing to believe that an honest man might exist in Pennsylvania. But the ministers would not have it. They set their faces against the innovation, and denied the existence of the honest man. He had, at first, some difficulty in proving himself human, and resorted to some strange expedients. These were rather unavailing. Success at last was achieved by a rather unique though accidental method. He overslept himself for two days. Arising on the third day, he overlooked the fact that he had been asleep, and acted as if two days had not passed. When this became known to several people, they saw in it a sure sign that he was a genuine Pennsylvanian, and were about to admit him into full fellowship when the rumor reached them that he was honest. This settled his fate, and he was cast adrift. For several weeks he wandered about the State, lonesome and disconsolate. He could not find anyone who was honest, look where he would. He became disheartened at last, and might have ended his life had it not been for the almost providential appearance of Holmes. The latter met him in Pittsburgh, talking to a railroad officer—a man somehow connected with Tom Scott's Pennsylvania Company. Holmes wondered, at first, how an honest man had got astray in Pennsylvania.

He spoke to him and learned that the cause of his isolated position was honesty. As Holmes was something of a manager himself, he saw great possibilities in the honest Pennsylvanian. His first action was to withdraw the man from the State, and take him to New York. On crossing the border-line an immediate change was effected—and he became a new man. His spirits returned and he seemed at ease. Several of the inhabitants spoke to him. Holmes became sanguine that he would recover. When he had recuperated sufficiently, Holmes inquired about his early life, and ascertained that though a Pennsylvanian by birth, he was not such by education, and had lived nearly all his life in New York. This readily explains the apparent phenomenon of the Honest Pennsylvanian. Holmes expects to take him through the State, exhibiting him as a curiosity. There is no question about the entire novelty of the attraction; but the trouble arises from the fact that some fear is felt that when the honest man returns to Pennsylvania his spirits will again begin to droop. On the other hand, the Honest Pennsylvanian would be a novelty in no other State.

ERNEST HARVIER.

F A T E.

Suggested by an anonymous German poem.

WHERE the waxen white lights incandescent
Shine more pale o'er the heat of the ball,
Than the moon when her faint silver crescent
Grows pale in late weeks of the Fall;
With her mad train of suitors behind her,
To worship, to woo, to adore;
She queens it—where I may not find her—
My own, my Lenore!

Outside, where the wild winds are wailing,
I wander alone in the night:
White clouds through the heavens are trailing
In wild windy frenzy of flight:
And as strains of sweet waltzes float hither
Soft as petals breeze-borne of a rose,
I would fain on those clouds be whirled—whither
The wind only knows.

She lies in his arms; they enfold her—
Through the ivy-edged window I see:
And the night-wind blows keener and colder—
Ah, heaven! is there one thought of me
In the breast I can liken at most to
A blush-rose's passionate bud—
The breast that I see now prest close to
His second shirt stud.

And—O, cruellest thought and most stinging—
It is I might have stood in his place!
O, Fate, in my ears ever ringing
That word of despair and disgrace!
In the soft ear where *he* lisps his hollow tale
I might whisper words Love could not doubt;
If only my venerable swallow-tail
Were not up the spout!

H. C. BUNNER.

CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY.

CAPTAIN BURNABY, who seems to be a genuine son of Albion, has been traveling in the East. There is nothing especially strange about this, as it is a pastime customary to Englishmen generally; the size of their country precluding any extended peregrinations. Burnaby, however, is not only a traveler but a historian as well. He has not only seen but he has recorded. To change the quotation a trifle, "he came—he saw—he put the facts on paper."

The country visited was Turkey, which Burnaby thinks worth a few reminiscences. What makes his statements of interest is the fact that similarly-disposed people visit—or say they do—these places every year, and publish fanciful accounts concerning them. Burnaby seems to have gone a little further than the others, and has fairly outstripped them all in the vigor and graphic beauty of his descriptions.

Referring to the domestic life of the Turks, he says: "No bedsteads are used. One or two mattresses are laid on the floor." Burnaby does not say how he ascertained this. He simply disposes of the home-life of a nation with the remark, "One or two mattresses are used." He then proceeds to remark that the ordinary Turkish family consists of twelve persons. This clearly would imply a paucity of mattresses; and we might innocently imagine that perhaps a few of the richer families—the millionaires, for instance—might revel in the possession of a bed. But it is not so. At least Burnaby says so, which is quite the same.

Though there are no beds, the paraphernalia pertaining to them exists—notably the "yorgan." This the Captain defines to be "a silk quilt lined with linen and stuffed with feathers, taking the places of sheets and blankets." As the climate of Turkey inclines a little towards

sultriness, it will be observed that the families having mattresses on which fall these yorgans, are apt at times to feel warm. "These yorgans," he says, "are heirlooms in a Turkish family, and are handed down from father to son. It is a mark of high respect when a host gives you his wedding yorgan to sleep under."

"The honor," says Burnaby, "was a trying one, for I shared it with generations of fleas." This is not much of a pledge of connubial felicity, and inclines one to think that Burnaby's Turk must have been somewhat of a bigamist with an extended ancestry, similarly unfortunate.

"But," says Burnaby, "he told me he had one so beautiful that neither he nor his wife liked to use it." To this Burnaby responded: "Do you love her? Is she pretty?" Presumably not, if she tolerated the yorgan. But the Turk replied tersely in these immortal words: "She is a good cook. She makes soup. Efendi Burnaby, I could not afford to marry a good looking girl. There was one in our village—such a pretty one, with eyes like a hare and plump as a turkey! but she could not cook, and her father wanted too much for her. For my present wife I gave only ten liras (Turkish pounds); but then she did not weigh more than one hundred pounds. She was very cheap. Her eyes are not quite straight, but she can cook. Looks don't last; but cooking is an art that the Prophet himself did not despise."

We do not believe that any Turk, however debased and degraded, ever told this to Burnaby. Even the meanest Bulgarian would blush to give voice to such nonsense. But Burnaby says he heard it, and hastens to publish it to the world. Wherein he romances. Not to put a too-fine point upon it, he—falsifies. Be it said, however, that he is an Englishman, traveling in the East. Let this be his excuse.

He next continues his fanciful narrative: "At every place a cordial reception awaited me. The Turks are not ungrateful; English help during the Crimean war is still remembered. At Angora there was an English vice-Consul, a married man, living in a house furnished with every English comfort. He is the only Englishman, or rather Scotchman, in the place."

Angora has been noted hitherto for its goats. But hereafter it will be recalled as the residence of one Englishman (who was a Scotchman), and the inspiration it furnished Burnaby. We think the Scotchman must have abetted him in the following description of a dinner which took place. It is fanciful to the limits of picturesqueness:

"The Turkish Lord of the place," says Burnaby, "gave us a dinner." "Us" is Burnaby and the Scotchman.

"It reminded me of a concert," says Burnaby. "It was full of surprises."

At this point the Scotchman seems to have objected, for Burnaby hastily supplied this definition of what he meant. The reader will observe the charming admixture of culinary knowledge and musical terms on the part of Burnaby and the Scotchman:

"In music the leader of an orchestra goes from *andante* to a racing pace without any *crescendo* whatever. The cook in the same manner gives first a dish as sweet as honey, and then astonishes our stomach with a sauce as acid as vinegar. Now we are eating fish, another instant blanc-mange. And so on throughout the feast were the startling contrasts continued. Servants were abundant and pressing. Each guest ate with his fingers, helping himself according to his rank or social status."

No doubt Burnaby took precedence over them all. He continues:

"When dinner was over the host rose, not forgetting to say his grace: 'Praise be to God.' A servant then poured water over the heads of

each, according to his rank, for precedence is duly observed in the veriest trifle; and then we all adjourned to another room to smoke and drink coffee."

Not so the Scotchman. He did not accompany them, as Burnaby exclaims:

"Nothing could exceed the hospitality and generosity of the Turk! Admire what belongs to him, and he begs you to accept it, be it a book, a horse, or a servant."

This seems to have captured the Scotchman, for he is not heard of thereafter. The coffee seems to have affected him, for he alludes to his horse "lying down in the river"—a proceeding wholly at variance with every precedent, and never indulged in by horses.

To this point his remarks have borne some slight resemblance to veracity. But here doubt on this point is forever dispelled. He says:

"The Eastern method of abuse is to attack a man's female relatives—a point on which all Easterns are most sensitive—in language the reverse of choice."

This caps the climax. Imagine the warring Turks exclaiming, one to the other: "I will not say that you are a thief (though you are), but I will stigmatize your sister-in-law as hot-tempered." Or: "I will not accuse you of manslaughter, oh, no! But I will remark that your wife's cousin has no idea of the value of money."

We are afraid that Burnaby's narrative will be discredited. It will be accepted rather as a statement of what he thought he saw than what he had really seen. It would be manifestly too much to expect an English traveler to be truthful. Such a thing has never happened before, and it is too much to expect that Burnaby (who is but a captain) will be the first exception to the generals and colonels who have preceded him. But really he should keep in the beaten track of descriptive romance which his superiors have trod so acceptably, and not wander into realms which seem fanciful—even for an English traveler—in the East!

ERNEST HARVIER.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

'Tis lovely in a fragrant wood,
Or in a fragrant glade,
To wander with a pretty girl
And drink iced lemonade.
'Tis lovelier in the city, though,
E'en when no girl is near,
To hang your hat upon a hook
And holler out, "Zwei Bier!"

WHEN the east is richly rosy,
And a flood of melody
Steals into your chamber cozy
From the blooming apple-tree,
When each dew-drop seems a treasure,
Glinting on the flower blue,
And the soul is thrilled with pleasure,
Then bring forth the kidney-stew.

THE moonlight throws its sheen
On beds of mignonette,
And lovers fond, we ween,
At the garden-gate have met.
The meteor swiftly wings
Its course o'er the heavens bright,
And the spirit of love—these things,
Look out for them every night.

THIS is a night as stilly
As that of Mr. Moore,
And languid dreams the lily
Beside the cottage-door.
The opal moon has risen,
The roses bend and burn.
Oh, now what joys are hisen,
Oh now what joys are hern!

THE ASTRONOMER.

WITHOUT seeking to excite a controversy on the subject, we think it safe to assert that in all that has been written, either from the scientific or from the popular standpoint, about the telescope, it has never been regarded in, so to phrase it, a warlike aspect. It has never been looked upon as an instrument of discord in society; and if there have been any to regard it as a disturber of domestic peace and happiness, they have been few in number, and their efforts to attract the public attention have been singularly unsuccessful. Yet it is strange that in an age of distinctively radical thought and aggressive speculation, there has been no Huxley of astronomical science; no Proudhon of social reform to point out the subtler potentialities of the brazen cylinder that draws the illimitable heavens and the four quarters of the earth into its shameless focus.

It is true, and we do not wish to deny it, that the world is fully aware of the vast number of irreproachable maiden ladies who have been shocked into convulsions, epileptic and hysteric, by the injudicious use of the telescope and its congener, the opera-glass, upon aquatic ranges affected by small boys. It is also an undeniable fact that the telescopes in the various government observatories have developed a disease known in medicine as *bulimy*—a mad and insatiable hunger for government appropriations which, reacting indirectly but forcibly upon the taxpayer, has tended to reduce the popular interest in astronomical pursuits. But the arcane balefulness, the hidden depravity of the telescope has never yet been fairly exposed. Now, however, we propose to enlighten our readers on this point by recounting an incident that lately occurred at Keokuk, Iowa.

Keokuk, Iowa, is a city of aspirations. It has recently built a Roman Catholic Cathedral, seating over nine hundred persons; and it is now patiently waiting for a patron saint. In other points, also, it is showing a remarkable amount of enterprise in modeling itself upon the pattern of various European cities, such as Pisa, Florence and Birmingham. The recent canting of a disused shot-tower in the sixth ward has brought it very nearly up to the level of Pisa; and the addition of a veritable legend or two will go far toward elevating the flower of Iowa towns to the lofty standard of European communities. One such legend has already been supplied by Mr. Pedro Locker, of South Ransom Street.

South Ransom Street is a broad and imposing avenue, graded and paved by assessment; but planted with trees which, being set out by government contract, have developed a marked tendency to anæmia, measuring-worms and sudden death. It runs far into the suburbs, and is bordered by the residences of the mercantile aristocracy of Keokuk, who, anxious to escape, after the heat and burden of the day, from the vast and oppressive bustle of the city, have sought in suburban nature a refuge and a safe real-estate investment.

Among the denizens of Ransom Street, frequently referred to by the ungodly of Keokuk as the "ransomed sinners," none was more respected, and none is now more sincerely sympathized with than Mr. Pedro Locker. The singularity of Mr. Locker's prænomen may be explained by the statement that his mother was a Brazilian brunette. The fact that Mr. Locker's hair, in the days when he had it, was of a brilliant red, whereas his father's was black, may be explained otherwise; but we do not endeavor to explain it. The general diffusion of knowledge in regard to Brazil renders it unnecessary to enter into details.

Mr. Pedro Locker is, or rather was, an ama-

teur astronomer. He was at one time a pork-broker, but since his retirement to Ransom Street on a handsome fortune, he has seen fit to subordinate pork to astronomy.

Having mentioned that Mr. Locker is an amateur of the divinest of sciences, it is scarcely necessary to say that within twelve lunar months he has rediscovered most of the known planets, as well as several of which he appears to have a monopoly, undisturbed by rival astronomers. There are already meandering about the trackless heavens two well-developed asteroids, one whereof bears his own name, slightly latinized, and the other of which he has kindly named after ex-President Grant. The General, we are pained to say, has exhibited a sad lack of interest in the stellar infant chosen to immortalize his name. Without being a man of sanguine expectations, Mr. Locker had, we think, a perfect right to look for a silver cup with an inscription: "To My Godson, care P. Locker, Esq."

About two months ago, Mr. Locker cast aside the venerable marine telescope that had so long stood him in good stead, and in a moment of frenzied ambition purchased a new and expensive instrument. It was a handsome article, it must be acknowledged, long of range, and chaste yet rich in external design—an important point with amateur astronomers. Mr. Locker little dreamt of the awful influence that glittering tube was destined to exert on his whole existence.

It was on a beautiful night in April when Mr. Locker determined to inaugurate his new telescope, and to that end invited three friends to share with him the first-fruits of its focus. These friends were adjacent astronomers, amateurs like himself, one of them distinguished by the discovery of two rings hitherto unknown to Saturn. Of the other two, one had taken the scalps of two Jovian satellites, and the second had put a small but healthy comet to his credit.

Mr. Locker's next-door neighbor was not included in the party. This neighbor was a young and worldly man, who had questioned the existence of one of Mr. Locker's asteroids, and had otherwise shown himself the owner of a mind given over to unscientific skepticism and levity.

Another presence missing in the little group that surrounded Mr. Locker's new telescope was that of Mrs. Locker. Besides his telescope, Mr. Locker had, at that time, cause to congratulate himself on the possession of a young and beautiful wife. Mrs. Locker was a lovely blonde, of Georgian extraction and of astronomical tastes. She encouraged her husband, as a true wife should, in his favorite pursuit, and if on stormy nights he ever showed an inclination to omit his regular journey to his observatory (which was situated on a knoll in a field about a quarter of a mile from the house) she excited his imagination with visions of asteroids yet undiscovered, and sent him forth hopefully to his regular nocturnal exercise. She rarely, however, accompanied Mr. Locker, pleading that while the wearing of thin kid boots might be perfectly compatible with sincere devotion to science, yet walking therein through the dewy midnight meads would be likely to cost science a devotee, through the medium of bronchitis. This explanation her spouse always accepted as almost axiomatic in its logical simplicity.

On the night in question, Mr. Locker was especially anxious to exhibit to his friends an occultation of Venus which the astronomers of the U. S. observatories, lapped in governmental luxury, had disgracefully neglected to foresee and chronicle. According to Mr. Locker's calculations, Venus was due around the corner of the south wing of his own house, just abast his wife's dressing-room, at precisely 10:43 $\frac{3}{8}$ P.M.; while the moon, as he pointed out to his companions, was so situated that a line drawn from

the top of the water-pitcher on Mrs. Locker's washstand to the hanging-basket in the window would just "fetch" it. There was no lamp in the apartment, which was, as we have said, fully a quarter of a mile away, yet the moonlight streamed in so clearly that Mr. Locker had no difficulty in fixing the basic line from the jug to the hanging-basket, on which he had reckoned the angle of incidence necessary to get Venus where he wanted her.

This done, as it still lacked several minutes of 10:43 $\frac{3}{8}$, Mr. Locker generously tossed up with his friends to see who should apply his eye to the tube when the chronometer marked the magic moment. The astronomer with the satellites of Jupiter got the first choice of place, the Saturnian ring man coming second; and the genius with the comet took the third innings, while fate assigned Locker himself to the finish.

After a few moments of anxious suspense, time was called, and the friend of Jupiter leaped to the eye-piece with an eagerness that nearly overturned the telescope. In a second he gave vent to an inarticulate exclamation of surprise that caused Mr. Locker to beam with satisfaction and inquire gleefully whether he didn't call that an occultation of Venus. His friend didn't answer at the moment; but on turning from the instrument, after a prolonged inspection, he remarked that he did. Indeed, he appeared to be thoroughly converted to Mr. Locker's theory, so much so, indeed, that he shoved the next man down into his place, and readjusted the glass for him. This was the Saturnian. He remained for nearly a minute with his eye glued to the lens, and then retiring, with what seemed to Locker the sardonic smile of envy, went into a dark corner of the observatory and communed with himself. The man who made a specialty of comets next approached the new telescope, and at the first glance broke into a cerulean streak of profanity, and ended by falling on the floor and rolling there, presumably in an ecstasy of astronomical exaltation.

By this time Locker could bear it no longer. He leaped to the telescope, his practised eye drawing an instantaneous bead on his own house, and found himself gazing over the before-mentioned water-jug into his wife's room. He saw also that his wife was receiving company. This was nothing in itself; but he observed that she was receiving her company with a unanimity, not to say warmth, decidedly unbecoming in the wife of an astronomer. He noted, further, that the company wore light trousers and a three-button cut-away coat, and that his hair was parted in the middle. By these marks, as well as by the young man's general air and manner, he recognized the next-door neighbor—the objectionable skeptic of the adjoining estate.

His wife's arms were about the company's neck; her snowy fingers played with his jetty curls, while her warm lips yielded up all their luscious treasure to his moustache.

The exact particulars of the walk home have never been transcribed; but one of the scientists has been heard to say that it was a very good telescope, but scarcely calculated to be used as a battering ram on a door of the solidity of Mr. Locker's.

The other two astronomers gave their testimony in court with sufficient clearness and distinctness to enable Mr. Locker to marry again, should he so desire; but it is to be regretted that while on the witness-stand they began a discussion with the prosecuting attorney as to the transmission of light and the value of binocular instruments. The presiding judge, however, checked the attempt as irrelevant and extraneous, remarking that before the awful importance of a telescopic divorce-suit, even the molecular theory paled into comparative insignificance.

ALBUM VERSES.

“AND so, my sweet, you'd have me write some verses,
Some rosy *bon mots* of a summer's day,
Some tender thought an idle fancy nurses,
Merely a little mark of friendship, eh?”

“Certainly, nothing more!”—(her smile is winning).
“Your beauty doth eclipse the break of day.”
(I rather fancy that's a good beginning.)
“Please, sir, don't write such poet-lies, I pray.”

'Tis well; and then you wish one to be truthful,
Say what I think, and think but what I say.
Well, as you're pretty, passionate and youthful,
I hardly see how I can say you nay.

“Aha! a blush your pearly brow is cresting;
You look divinely lovely.” Let me say
That what ensued just then was interesting,
Yes, truly interesting in its way.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A TALE OF A JACK.

SCENE, Georgia.
A little colored youth.
“maid.

Sir Giles Mordaunt, a fully-developed Jack.
It is only fair to state that this was Sir Giles's first appearance in this play on any stage.

It was as bright a Fourth of July as ever shone on Sunny Georgia, and the numerous George Washingtons and Thomas Jeffersons were gliding around in lively style, with pockets full of firecrackers and punk.

In cut No. 1 the reader will get a very fair idea of the opening of the story.

Millard Fillmore is in the foreground lighting a package of firecrackers. Just behind him, with her digits driven deep into her auriculars, stands the idol of his existence, Esmeralda Genet.

We don't know that colored folks have such names as the foregoing; but, for the sake of novelty, which is Puck's especial weakness, the characters of this veracious tale are captioned as above.

Emerging from the sentimental haziness in the background, comes Sir Giles. It is his day off, and he feels happy; at least his general make-up, as indicated in the cut, seems to say so.

Millard Fillmore, having lighted the firecrackers and thrown them on the ground, Sir Giles comes along and devours them, thinking, in all probability, that they are ears of pop-corn.

He doesn't remain in ignorance of the true state of affairs for any great length of time. If the reader can't imagine a quadrupedal donkey-engine, we cordially refer him to cut No. 3.

About this time the thing becomes very intense, and Sir Giles floats around in an ecstasy of fright and terror.

Drops of perspiration about the size of duck-eggs fly from him in all directions. He seems a peripatetic watering-pot. Just as Sir Giles is in such a state of pain and excitement that he can't tell Thucydides from a Sunday-school picnic, he suddenly discovers his ancient friend, the Marquis of Tillinghast, looking serenely over a fence at him.

“Good morning, my lord!” said Sir Giles, pausing.

“By my halidome, Sir Giles, there is that about thee this morning that puzzleth me. Art thou in love, or dost thou dissemble?”

Sir Giles turned the conversation to the arts and literature.

To the reader this may seem strange. It is. After Tillinghast had talked for a little while on art and belles lettres, he suddenly brightened and said:

“I don't know whether you have heard of it yet or not; but, by a most lovely and beautiful

coincidence, Bryant was permitted to die in June. Many years ago he wrote:

“I gazed upon the glorious sky—”
This was more than Sir Giles could bear, and, forgetting the firecrackers, he darted off at full speed.

The flames increased, and cut No. 5 is pretty much the same as the one preceding it, only more so.

He kept on at this rate for some time, and then likened himself unto a bank. He burst. The air was suddenly packed with eyeballs and spinal columns, and all was still. Millard and Esmeralda were only first-act characters. What became of them is not known. R. K. M.

“A FELLOW OF INFANT JEST.”

[Communicated.]

—A. Ward.

NEW YORK, July 2d, 1878.

My dear Puck: I am reduced to the confines of despair. It is well—and only owing to a strong brain—that I am not reduced to the confines of an asylum for the insane. I am, naturally, a fellow of infinite jest and—I have no desire to be egotistical—most excellent fancy; but I am not understood. Alas, I am most abominably misconstrued.

Humor bubbles in the cauldron of my mind and boils over from my lips only to scald myself. Mentally I am champagne heavily charged with effervescing wit, which at times shatters its prison, and wounds me with the explosion—invariably wounds me—only me. Pity me! In the realms of art, poetry, politics, law, I have originated witticisms; flung them, as it were, only to have them, like the boomerang, recoil upon myself. I never am guilty of a *bon mot* but it miscarries—my best efforts have all miscarried. I wonder sometimes how I ever came to be born and why my maternal parent didn't—But possibly I may be bringing up a subject which—as my own bringing up was—is too delicate. A few instances, related more in sorrow than in pride, and I am done.

It was in a mixed society—I use the adjective to express the condition of their minds—that the subject of Communism was broached for a hearing. (See? Entirely unpremeditated—*Brooch* and *ear-ring*. This will show you that I cannot help myself, it is involuntary.) My opinion was asked. I claimed that Communism had decided for us a most important geographical question. “Remember,” I said, “the recent trials in Russia, the attempts on the life of the Emperor William, the necessity for street-drills by our own militia. In all these the impudence of the Communist is, and the same of the Nihilist, too, surely discovered.”

Did I receive approbation? Not I! I was immediately taken in hand and censured before the company, by the host; who, it seems, was an auctioneer and fancied I was having a fling at the red flag. On my way home, accompanied by one of the company, a retired grocery, I was consulted by him on the style of road-wagon he ought to purchase; and by merely suggesting as appropriate a T cart, I lost a friend who at some time might have been useful to me. If the grocer could not be useful, his “sugar” could—(Again, ha! ha! Your astute Immortalship will discover in this another of the nebulae thrown off from the whirling sun of my wit. Need I explain that “sugar” is the slang—I should say the colloquialism—for money?)

At the theatre one evening, the savings of a week and the dreams of a year were contemporaneously dissipated. *She* was with me. The play was “Uncle Tom's Cabin;” and Uncle Tom was, I regret to state, too grossly intoxicated to point the moral of the Puritanical

Uncle Tom's Gabbin'—(Again! and yet I vow that it, like Mr. Peggotty's poetry, was not so intended.) “O,” cried *She*, as the little heroine came on the stage: “that's Eva!” I admitted that she was right, and observed, “*Oui, ma chérie, et l'oncle Tom est Eva aussi.*” What think you? She (her education must have been neglected) fancied that in addressing her as *ma chérie* I had called her a cherry; and I assure you she was really *cerise*. (Aha! once more! *Cerise* is, as you know—but why explain? this one is apparent.) I translated the joke; but she persisted that a man who would assert that Uncle Tom was Eva was a fool. We parted. When my employer was growling at his attorneys, Messrs. Doe & Roe, who had charged him twenty dollars for a small service, I remarked that probably they charged that amount as they constituted a double-legal firm. I was discharged, I believe, before the debt was.

Sailing down New York Bay with a party, the ancient Miss Wednot begged me for a quotation appropriate. I complied at once, and quoted from Shakspeare's Sonnets (or isn't it “Venus and Adonis”?):

“Oh, that I had my lover at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!”

I was in disgrace for the rest of the sail.

When my friend young Spooner jilted the Widow Gushly, he met me and begged me to tell him where he could go to escape her wrath. Without the slightest hesitation I told him to go to hell. Now, a brilliant mind would at once have grasped the point, and have understood that I was merely quoting the line which has grown to an aphorism:

“Nor hell (hath) no fury like a woman scorned,”

and, at the same time, answering his question. But Spooner grew angry, and since has snubbed me. But I have had my revenge on him—he lately married. (The last sentence, you will perceive, is a sort of departure from my usual wit. You will, however, recognize in it a high, though somewhat common, form of humor.)

All these, though, are as nothing compared to the punishment I brought on my own head (and its antipodes. Note.—This parenthesis is also humorous; by a witticism perpetrated but a few days ago. I had an appointment, and arrived at the house a few moments late, owing to having visited the Academy of Design with a lady, a sculptor. When gently chided by my friends, most of whom, by the way, were also ladies, I excused myself by saying that the time had passed unnoticed, as I was taking a private peek at a beautiful lady's bust. Now (I object, usually, to commence a sentence with “Now,” but it is emphatic sometimes—it is so now. Tee hee! now, see? more wit), I knew this about the bust was witty; but still everybody looked shocked (prurient prudes!), and I very soon got a bust—on the “snoot.” (Ha, ha! more wit! I, really—but why apologize?): and then I was thrown out of the house by an indignant old fool, father of one of the prudes, who called me a beast—a worse than a pirate. The state of my trousers justified me in claiming him as an equal; for, if I was a pirate, my garments proved him to be a freebooter. (Well, well, here's no use in trying to stop. Wit is organic in me.) I shall never go to that house again.

These instances, I am sure, are sufficient. Am I not to be pitied? A Sheridan surrounded by boors! I am sure you will sympathize with one who is continually stabbed to the heart by the points of his own jokes—(Stabbed—points. Good, eh?)

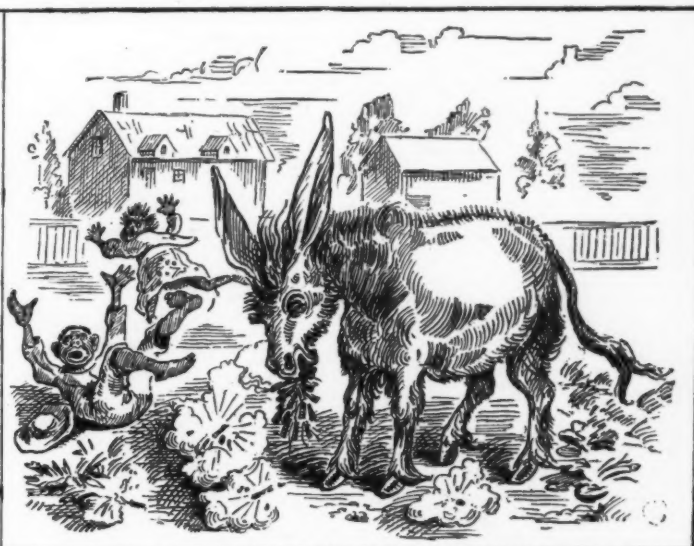
Yours, a pun (ha, ha!) my honor,
Ever faithfully,

GREENLEAF WITTIER.

A TALE OF A JACK.



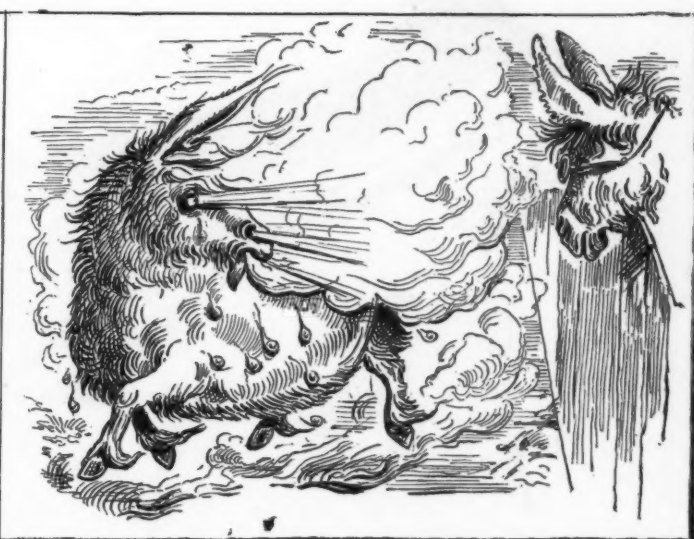
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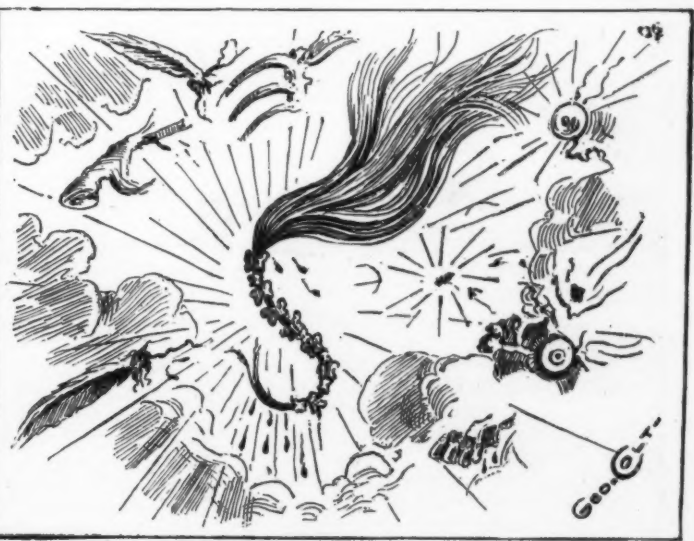
III.



IV.



V.



VI.

(See page 6.)



"Tramps, Communists and Politicians—these three classes are fitly grouped together because..."



LE AND HIS RIDERS.

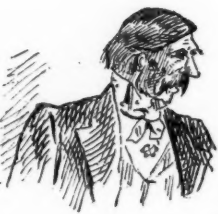
together because it is their aim to live by some other means than honest industry."—N. Y. Herald.

THE ROGUES' GALLERY.

OLD STYLE.



BURGLAR.



SNEAK THIEF.



FENCE.

NEW STYLE.



DEFAULTING CASHIER.



TRUSTEE.



SWINDLING BANK PRESIDENT.

BURGLARY, MORALLY CONSIDERED.

BRIDGET fetched me a card bearing the name:

LUMLEY SLUMLEY DUMM.

"This," I thought, "is some blawsted British aristocrat, who comes to bore me." However, I admitted him, and he opened fire on me at once.

"You don't remember me," he said. "But when you were police reporter on the *Daily Slambanger*, you knew me well as Jim Dodger."

"Not Dodger the Burglar?"

"Yes, sir, and don't you forget it. I am that identical party as you've written volumes of history about."

"From your personal appearance, Mr. Dumm," I remarked, "you appear to have gone out of the crib-cracking business. I should rather expect to see a prayer-book in your hand now than a jimmy."

"That's just it! That's what I've come to make a confession to you about. Don't I just look nice?—sleek, like an old cow that couldn't do nothin' but chew her cud—eh? Well, in the old times I didn't look this way. I was rough, and I suppose I carried my sign on my face; for when I went once up-country, to bust a little bank there, the people ran me out of town before I had got a chance to set to work. They swore the bank would bust itself if my face remained about there any longer. But, in them times, if I was rough, my family wasn't. That little wife of mine was as pooty as a peach—and respectable? Why, she had three seal-skin sacques, and diamonds no end. When I was doing time in Sing Sing, she stopped at the Westminster Hotel as "Mrs. Howard Stuyvesant;" and wasn't she just high-toned? You bet. Then my little girl. Did you ever see better silk stockings than she wore?—cardinal-red, with sky-blue clocks! Her Sunday-school teachers said she was just a young angel, all but the wings; and if angels' wings are to be bought for money, I'm the man to buy them. And when Archbishop McCloskey wanted money to send a ship-load of Catholic darkeys over to Liberia, to get the natives out of the

clutches of the Methodists, my wife got all the neighbors to subscribe.

"Yes, sir, and I had that ship scuttled; all hands, except my agent, drowned, and the money back to me here in New York in less'n two weeks. But all this time I was rough; I was doing time in Sing Sing or somewhere too often to satisfy me; my portrait was in all the Rogues' Galleries; and I determined to reform—to lead a new life."

"That was a noble resolve," I remarked.

"You bet! Well, I just let my hair grow long down my back, shaved close, knocked off my rum, and went to living on oatmeal-gruel. I got so fat and oily-looking that when I joined Mr. Slopover's church, I'm hanged if they didn't want to run me for deacon. I worked things pretty quiet, and invested money I had in the Sure Pop Security Savings Bank. My appearance was so darn respectable that I was made a Director; and when I mounted a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, they just caved right in and elected me President. There was, as it were, a sort of high-pressure atmosphere of business morality and commercial integrity about my appearance that brought business to the bank.

"Eventually the concern went to smash, as you know. I needn't tell you all the details of how, by hypothecation and rehypothecation, and confusing the books, &c., I bust that bank. Suffice it to say—"

"Well?" I asked.

"That I got the money. And I've got it now. But it don't do me any good. The law can't touch me. I made myself safe from the first. True, I'm under \$50,000 bail; but the bail's straw!"

"But about the money?" I inquired.

"That's just what I'm coming to. You see, when I used to crack a crib in the old style, we never raked in the whole pile. We compounded the matter. We got a fair stake; the detectives had a divvy, and we turned the rest over to the owners. They were rich and could afford to stand the racket. But in this business I've been robbing the widow and orphers who can't afford the loss. Besides, I felt more like a Man in the old times when I risked my

life and liberty in the operation. This kind of robbery is too sneakin'! I'm dreamin' of those poor widows and orphans all the time. People can't punish me by law, so they howl at me in the streets; and even have torn the clothes off my wife and child. And my associates—good Lord! they're all fraudulent bankrupts or defrauding cashiers, or insurance sharks, or other high-toned sneakin' robbers of the poor, and my life is getting to be a burden to me. So I'm going to turn over a new leaf!"

"In what direction?" was my natural question.

"I'm going right in again with the old gang. I'll cut off my back-hair, let my moustache grow and dye it. I'll smoke, chew and get drunk. Then I'll take a six-shooter, a club, a bag of tools, and have a whack at some country bank. It'll make me feel a man again! I tell you that fellows like me ought to have a monopoly of thieving, and let your bank and insurance people be honest. That was the old way, and it was the best."

"But Mr. Dumm," I commenced—

"No more of that," he cried. "Hereafter I am Jim Dodger, an honest tradesman—in my line of business—cracking a crib whenever I can get at it. You'll find it will be better for the banks, better for me, and a blamed sight better for the depositors. The authorities always can keep thieves and burglars in hand; but there's a more dangerous class tha makes everything unstable and unsafe."

"And they are?"

"Your Hypocrites in high places!"

TRIPLET.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

A COMPANION picture to the "Danites" prevails at the Grand Opera House. It is by Bartley Campbell and is called the "Vigilantes."

THE benefit performance in aid of Frank Langley, a deserving young actor of this city who lies very ill, has been postponed. Those friends who desire to communicate with him can do so through Mr. D. H. Harkins, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

THE average actor no longer ornaments Union Square. He has gone to Manhattan Beach, where he is luxuriating in the surf. There he finds himself in good company, and is able to enjoy a bath with all the modern improvements.

BRENTANO has on sale "Gabrielle," translated from "The House of Mauréze" by Henry Gréville, the new French author, whose "Dosia," "Sonia" and "Ariadne" have recently made such a success in Paris. "Henry Gréville" is the nom de plume of a lady. This has led several unprincipled correspondents to suggest that this device is calculated to enable her to win fame Maurezely than otherwise. These correspondents have been killed.

Answers for the Anxious.

SUE.—Suicide!

HASELTINE.—Stop her.

J. R. C.—Letter by mail.

LARRABEE P. L.—Your poem has been a week under consideration. It is now under the table.

CULVER.—You want to wrap the mantle of oblivion about you and lie down to assorted dreams.

R. R. DITSON.—The name of Ditson may some day stand high on the scroll of poetic fame; but it will be a sweet and consolatory reflection that PUCK will not be credited with the iniquities that will win you glory.

WHY BOWLES REMAINED A BACHELOR. (BEING A FISH STORY.)

PICKEREL Q. BOWLES was a "drummer." We don't mean that he banged away in a brass band. He was a "drummer" in the mercantile, not in the musical, way. He traveled for a fish-house, soliciting orders for boneless codfish, salted and dried. He was born on the sands of Cape Cod. He could catch fish from the side of a dory before he could walk, and he knew fish thoroughly. He was of a reddish complexion, and the freckles on the back of his hands looked like the scales on a rock-cod. He had a greenish-gray eye, that looked not unlike the eye of that fish when boiled. He carried a toothpick made from a cod's bone, and a wallet made from a cod's skin. He was as greedy as a cod, and was generally a very fishy character indeed.

Pickerel Q. Bowles traveled much in the Western States. Hundreds of the settlers on the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts are scattered through the far West, and early memories make the matutinal fish-ball a sort of sacred thing to them; while "codfish, picked up in milk," is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Western merchants, therefore, welcomed Bowles. His fish were the driest, the saltiest, the most boneless and cheapest in the market. Saloon-keepers hailed him with pleasure. A pound of his salty cod, torn up and put in the lunch-bowl, has been known to drive trade to such a state of briskness that additional bartenders had to be secured to satisfy the thirsty crowd.

Yes, he was well-known in the West, and he thrived.

Pickerel Q. Bowles was a thorough American. He had made a fortune and lost it. He never felt thoroughly at home except in a hotel; and he had been married and divorced. So you see that he was a complete type of the true American.

It was now some years since he was divorced for "incompatibility;" his wife said that he was cold-blooded, clammy, and, strange to say that of a man so much like a cod, she said he wouldn't coddle her. P. Q. Bowles, on the contrary, asserted that about this time he lost his fortune and was forced to go out a-drumming. Whence the divorce.

Be that as it may, he never saw her after the decree of court made them "two" again. He went on his travels and prospered.

As the figures in his bank account widened, Bowles began to bethink him of taking to himself a wife again. Not that the softer sex had any personal charms for him; but he thought if he could find the right sort of widow, she would put her cash to his cash, and he could go into the fish business for himself.

He had foraged carefully, but unsuccessfully, through many States, until at last he came upon the Widow Dumble in Southern Indiana.

She was the widow of Daniel Dumble, late banker and land-speculator, who, though he flourished largely upon credit, left a tidy fortune in the hands of his relict.

Pickerel Q. Bowles would willingly have had the ducats without Widow Dumble; but, as that was impossible, he "went for" the Dumble and the ducats.

And he carried a splendid 20-pound fish with him as an offering at the Shrine of Love.

Though the widow's name sounded something like "dumpling," in person she was far from resembling that delicacy of the table. She was thin, not to say cadaverous. Bowles boldly popped his question, just as he used to say "Can I sell you some fish to-day?" to a storekeeper. The widow didn't receive the

proposal unkindly; she was willing to plunge into bliss again; but her health!—she was "nothing but a bag of bones." Now Pickerel Q. Bowles didn't care for the thinness of her person, so long as her purse was fat. He pressed his suit; but she demurred, until at last she was induced to consent if Bowles could fatten her up for the sacrifice. Bowles, bold man, consented. And as he went home he resolved to commence the next day. "If 'twere done—'twere well it were done quickly." But how? Could he fatten those rattling bones and that dried cuticle?—(and there was nothing else to work on!) Impossible! But—happy thought!—if he could make her *think* she was fattening long enough for him to get over the marriage ceremony, it would answer his purpose.

He set to work that night and prepared a breakfast for his charmer, which he carried to her house the next morning, cooked it and served it to her with his own hands. The following was the

MENU.

Codfish-balls. Coffee. CODFISH-BALLS.
Codfish, picked up in milk.
Codfish-balls.
Pickles.
Brown bread, with butter.
Codfish-balls, mustard-sauce.

The widow ate relishingly. It's astonishing how plentifully thin people feed.

"Isn't it a bit salty, Mister Bowles?" she asked.

"Take a pickled kewcumber, ma'am," said her adorer; "that'll neutralize the salty flavor. And now you've done justice to my breakfast, go lie down and take a sleep—sleep is a great fattener—while I go into your kitchen and get dinner."

There were no springs and no near rivers in that part of the country; so P. Q. Bowles filled a jug from the rain-water cistern that supplied the house, and gave it into the widow's hands, sent her to bed, and went down-stairs to prepare the dinner. Again we give the

MENU.

Soup—Cabbage.
Boiled:—Salt Codfish, egg-sauce.
Entrées:—Beets and potatoes.
Rechauffé of codfish-balls.
Cold:—Codfish-balls.
Pickles.
Dessert.
Pecan-nuts—old dates.
Bananas.

One little contretemps happened during this meal. While Bowles thought the widow was asleep, she had come down-stairs and had drunk the cistern dry. Bowles at once went to a neighboring saloon and purchased a keg of beer. "I'll have to risk some money," he said to himself. "Beer is a great fattener," he said to her. Before dinner was over she had proved herself a female Bayard Taylor. She emptied the keg before she got down in the menu to "Rechauffé of fish-balls," and Bowles offered to borrow a barrel of water from the neighbors. But no! She had tasted beer and liked it. Besides, beer was a fattener, and she would drink nothing but beer. When she came to "Pecan-nuts," Bowles had to go for another keg. "You'd better go right to the brewery at once," she said, "and order a load. It will save your dear legs!" This was rough on Bowles's cod-skin wallet; but he saw his reward in the future. "Confound her, won't she never begin to swell? She's got away with two kegs of beer and swallowed a cistern half full of water; but she don't swell for a cent. However, the load from the brewery will fetch her, I reckon."

He had a clergyman hid under the back-stoop, a license in his pocket, and a doctor stowed away in the stable, for fear of accidents. The brewery sent a heaping two-horse load of kegs, and the widow went to work again. There was a tear of comfort in her eye and a soft gurgle in her throat, as the beer settled to its place in her stomach. After much weary work in rolling in full kegs and rolling out empty ones, P. Q. Bowles fancied he saw the widow swelling.

It was not fancy, it was fact. She rose, she increased, she magnified! Buttons burst, laces cracked, and handmaidens were summoned to modestly swathe her in colossal blankets and gigantic sheets. She was huge! She filled a sofa!

"Now, my love," cried Bowles, "you see how my system of fattening works! You are luscious—immense! I claim my promised reward!"

The widow was too full to answer. Bowles lugged in his clergyman by the collar, seized the hand of Mrs. Dumble, and shouted, "Now hurry up."

"Will you take this man to be your wedded husband?" The poor woman couldn't speak.

"Bob your head if you mean Yes!" cried Bowles. The widow made an effort; it was a supreme one; but the result was unlooked for. The widow struggled to speak, when suddenly, with a loud report like the bursting of a balloon, the confined gases of the beer rushed from her mouth, blowing out the windows, sending Bowles and the minister through them into the street, tearing down lath and plastering, and filling the air with debris and fumes of beer. In the midst of it all sat the widow, no longer rotund, immense, magnificent—but herself once more, a bag of bones! As she regained her shape she recovered her voice—and her agility. Pickerel Q. Bowles was lying, sprawling, on the grass by the roadside, covered with splinters of broken window-glass. The widow fairly danced down into her kitchen, and danced out into the road again, with one of Bowles's fish in her hand, hard, salty, dry.

"You would, would you?" she cried, dancing over the prostrate "drummer." "You'd make me your wife, whether I would or not! You'd have me 'bob my head' for Yes, would you?" and at every ejaculation down came the fish over the more exposed portions of Bowles's person, driving the splintered glass into his bleeding flesh, while a profusion of salt from the cod was forced into his wounds at every thwack the widow gave him.

"Try how you like a pickle, Bowles!" she said.

However, the greatest of battles has an end; and P. Q. Bowles was enabled to retreat, at last, to his hotel, where he had his wounds dressed. Late that night his landlord asked him what he put into the fish to give the widow such an unheard-of thirst.

"Nothing," replied P. Q. B. "You see, that fish ought to be freshened for about three days, in about thirty changes of water, to take the salt out of it, before it is fit to cook. And—and I didn't freshen hers a bit! But," he continued, "how could, how could that old bag o' bones hold such a quantity of beer?"

There was a roguish twinkle in the landlord's eye, and it was a moment or two before he answered.

"Well," he said, "ye see, the Widder Dumble is our champion beer-buzzer in this part of the country, and she's got on a match with old Marm Swicklehammer. I guess your book jest about suited her. Ye've saved her the expense of training!"

And this is why Bowles remained a Bachelor.

E. S. L.



Puck's Triflinges.

SHAKSPERE WITH VARIATIONS.

HAMLET TO THE PLAYERS.

Speak the speech, I pray you,
As I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue.

But if you mouth it, as many of our players do,
I had as lief Count Joannes had spoke my lines.
Nor do not saw the air too much
With your hands and feet,
After the fashion of a windmill or Brother Talmage,

But use all gently. Oh, it offends me to the soul
To see a robustious, periwig-pated fellow
Tear a passion to tatters, to very rags,
And mop the stage with it, so to speak.
Be not too tame, either;
But let discretion be your tutor;
As it is much cheaper than to take lessons
Of a professor of elocution.
Suit the action to the word, and *vice versa*,
And get in your work in some kind of style.
Anything overdone is from the purpose of playing,

Whose end is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror
Up to nature, that for herself she may see
How her clothes fit, and ascertain
If there is any powder in her ears or eyebrows.
A speech overdone, or come tardy off,
Though it make the gods in the cock-loft laugh,
Cannot but make those in the parquet
Or dress circle grieve, the censure
Of one of which must, in your allowance,
O'erweigh a whole theatre of others,
For they pay from \$1 to \$1.50 each.
Oh, there be players that I have seen play,
Not to speak it profanely,
That, neither having the accent of Christians,
Nor the gait of Christian, Pagan or man,
Have so strutted and bellowed—
And I do not by any means
Refer exclusively to Dr. Landis—
That I have been tempted to go out to the box office,

Murder the treasurer, recover my money,
And set fire to the building.

—*Oil City Derrick.*

THE CREAM OF THE BUCKET.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

THE way of the transgressor is macadamized.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

PURIFYING THE POLITICAL ARENA.

SIX men were hung on Friday last. Another Republican gain.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A VARIATION.

ANY German will tell you that "it is not good for man to beer alone."—*Whitehall Times.*

HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE, MOST HORRIBLE.

WHEN a trance medium tells you what dentist to patronize, isn't that trance-send-dentalism?—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

LINKED SWEETNESS.

THE young man who went to see his girl last night, refused to put sugar in his coffee this morning.—*N. J. Republican.*

HOPEFUL.

Now that Elizabeth Tilton is clear from the corrupting influence of Plymouth Church, we expect her to become a model woman.—*Boston Post.*

COWPER AND FACT.

THE man who oh!-ed for a lodge in some vast wilderness, differed from most of his fellow-men in the location of the lodge.—*Breakfast Table.*

HUMAN NATURE.

THAT man is not a friend to his race who builds a house in which one back-door must be used by the women of separate families.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

YOUTH.

TO the American boy there is an awful, a majestic difference in the weight between the butt-end of a fish-pole and a hoe-handle.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

AT the marriage of young Astor and Miss Paul, George W. Childs gave the bride a set of solid silver pitchers. He gets the obituary business of that family.—*Picayune.*

HOW HE LIKES THEM.

"EDISON'S" auropnone will preserve a kiss "We presume no sugar is required in the preserving. They are sweet enough without, if not too old. Pick the young and fresh ones."—*Norristown Herald.*

WE BET ON HOWARD.

THE next great pedestrian contest that will shake this country from centre to circumference will probably be between General Howard and the Indians, at present on the war-path.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

A QUESTION.

IT may be true that a hundred canceled postage stamps will buy a Chinese baby, but the fellow who had an American baby left on his door-steps for nothing wants to know what's the use of gatheing stamps?—*Free Press.*

NON FIT.

THE five Swarthmore girls who were made Bachelors of Arts, yesterday, are now going in for the hearts of bachelors. The difference between them and poets is that they are not born but maid Bachelors.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

BRYANT AND BURDETTE.

IT was a wish of Bryant, they say, that he might die in June. We never thought seriously enough on the subject to insist on a time, but so far as we have any preference, to be definite about it, we have always thought we should like to die on the 30th of February.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WHEN PAIN AND SICKNESS.

"Now," they said to her, "you can go in and see him; but remember that he is very sick with heart disease, and don't say a word that will trouble him." Then she walked in, sat down on the edge of a chair, and remarked cheerfully, as she shook her head, "Ah—ah! m!—sad, ain't it? Thought I'd jest run in, 'cause they said there wuz no knowin' how soon you might drop off."—*Graphic.*

HORACE'S XXXVIII ODE, WITH VARIATIONS.

I hate the Persian pomp, O boy—
For me the sherbet hath no joy;
But in the shade it gives me cheer
To rest at ease,

And, with my schooner in my hand,
Sing songs of my dear Fatherland,
And quaff the cool Milwaukee beer
And nibble cheese.

—*St. Louis Journal.*

THE INEVITABLE.

THE audacious agent of a Boston Lecture Bureau writes Hayes as follows: "My dear Mr. Hayes: I see the Potter Investigating Committee is making decided headway. In the event of your being disengaged next winter, please send me your lowest terms for fifty lectures."—*Utica Observer.*

THE toad is the Ahkoond of squat.—*Hackensack Republican.*

POOR POTTER is still suffering the Ag'nies of high jinks.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

COMPANION piece for "The Wandering Jew"—a wandering Jewess.—*Derrick.*

GIVE a mosquito his way and he will soon settle his little bill.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ROBESON gathered old scraps like the Arabs and silently stole away.—*Boston Post.*

THE Bannocks and Shoshones say there is a long intermission between meals.—*Boston Post.*

JIM ANDERSON would make a first-class lighting-rod peddler.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

A MAN should never go out to fight a duel unless he has a "code" in his 'ead.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

MOSES may have been the meekest man of his time, but we suspect he never put up a stove.—*Roch. Dem.*

MORE exciting news from the West. The Kaw Indians are breaking out. It's the small-pox.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

A TROY man lost a canal boat, and a local paper suggests that some Syracuse girl took it for a slipper.—*Boston Post.*

HOP bitters—taking your girl to a "hop" and having some other fellow dance with her continually.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

"I AM in love with myself," says Clara Louisa Kellogg. You've got a dead sure thing of it, Clara; no rivals.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"A ROLLING stone gathers no moss," but it often collides with a man's shins, which is a much sadder reflection.—*Fulton Times.*

A HUNDRED years hence the newspapers of Central Africa will begin to record the finding of turtles inscribed "H. W. S., 1876."—*Oil City Derrick.*

CASUS BELLI means getting up on your ear and bluffing around and pretending that you are just trying to knock some one's head off.—*Free Press.*

"You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will," but the frightful ceramics pasted on by the women folks will stick to it still.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE friendly Bannock tribe has run away from the agency to prevent starving to death. This shows that the Indian is not to be relied upon.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A GEORGIA rooster is said to have hatched out a lot of duck eggs. This forcibly reminds us of John Sherman's attempt to help Mr. Hayes run this government.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

IT is said that there are seven Christian men on the editorial staff of the *Courier-Journal*, and yet that paper uses such expressions as: "By the living ginger!"—*Shocked Free Press.*

SIDNEY LANIER has written a new poem. This probably has something to do with the fact that all the steamer accommodations for Europe are engaged long ahead.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

THEY are all girl-babies this year. So you may set yourself at ease regarding complications growing out of the fraud investigation. There's going to be no war.—*Statistical Meriden Recorder.*

NOYES will need a French interpreter when he takes the witness stand before the Potter Committee. He has been Minister at Paris for some weeks, and has a beautiful accent.—*Picayune*.

ONE reason why more people did not get into the ark, is that Noah neglected to advertise in the daily papers. There is a great moral lesson contained in this fact.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

A GOOD little Michigan boy tried to blow through a spool and swing on a clothes-line at the same time, and the doctors never found the spool. It went way, way down.—*Detroit Free Press*.

LAUER, the brewer, says lager beer isn't intoxicating, but a Reading divine claims that it is. It strikes us then that the minister shouldn't drink enough to make him drunk.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

THERE are still four or five daily papers left which seem firmly convinced that the South is not a portion of the United States, but a sort of harbor of refuge for Northern scallawags.—*Free Press*.

WE regret to learn from the Oil City *Derrick* that Cardinal Woolsey has fallen, but we trust he'll not resign. Or peradventure we misunderstand. May be he stepped on a banana peel.—*Rochester Democrat*.

THE editor of the *Whitehall Times* was born under a lucky star. Only a few months ago he was appointed Canal Collector, and now he has been sued for libel. You can't repress genius.—*Norr. Humorist*.

WASHINGTON druggists should be cautious about selling poison of any kind to Stanley Matthews. It would be terrible to have this poor man and poor statesman commit suicide.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

THE Kaffirs are not a consistent band of brothers. If there's too much rain they knock a missionary on the head. If there's too little they knock over another. They can't strike a happy medium.—*Free Press*.

THE Fourth of July is rapidly approaching, and yet many families have not made up their minds whether to stay in the city that day and get blown up or go to the country and get sunstruck.—*Kronikle-Herald*.

DEATH comes on sea and land, in the parlor, kitchen, corn-crib, down cellar, on the roof, everywhere. It stands every man in hand to drive his neighbor's hens carefully out of the garden.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A NEW YORK horse is said to have a snake in his eyes. This should be a warning to horse owners not to hitch their animals near a distillery or allow them to gaze down the bung hole of a whiskey barrel.—*Kronikle-Herald*.

EMERSON defines a weed as a "plant whose virtues have not yet been discovered." Another good definition for a weed would be "a cabbage leaf trying to palm itself off for pure Havana tobacco."—*New Haven Register*.

THE great mistake made by Stanley Matthews was in not disguising his hand or in using red chalk to write those letters. It's all right to fall back on dignity, but dignity wears through after a few falls.—*Detroit Free Press*.

MARY BROWN, a widow of New York, is now on trial for having kicked Francis Wiegand to death. She admits that she did it, but she says the kicks were intended for another man. However the case may result, we desire to ask why the law prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons is not enforced.—*Buffalo Express*.

WHEN the festive fly
Gets ready to die,
He buries himself
In an apple-pie.

—*Hackensack Republican*.

AN exchange contains an article entitled "How Drunkards are Made." Persons who can't find employment, and think they would like to make a few drunkards, will please notify us and we'll copy the article.—*Norr. Herald*.

EUROPEAN travelers say the American is at once recognized wherever he goes. The reason of this, probably, is because the American is the only one who doesn't stop to blow the froth off his beer before drinking it.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

FLIES arrived in Danbury at twenty minutes past five o'clock, Sunday morning. Next to a cream-jug, the favorite resort of a fly is a bedroom where the clothes are not long enough to cover both ends of the sleeper simultaneously.—*Danbury News*.

A PREACHER at Deadwood was backed into a corner and thus addressed: "Now, blast yer eyes, this town is bilin' over with seventeen different kinds of religion, and what you want to do is to walk over and start a race-track!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

COURT did not adjourn while the circus parade was passing, but there was an absent look on the face of the witness, and a dreamy irrelevance in the questions of attorneys, that showed how far away were their thoughts.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

THE Lockport *Union*, calling attention to the fact that Bryant made \$500,000 out of poem-writing, urges young men to learn to poem, at the same time insinuating that their contributions will be more thankfully received at some other office.

DON'T believe those dreadful hydrophobia scares which some of the newspapers are circulating. A majority of them are started by dealers in second-hand stovepipe, who are trying to induce timid men to buy their old stock for sheet iron bootlegs.—*Kronikle-Herald*.

AN old Roman play, written two thousand and fifty years ago by Marco Accio Pianto, was recently performed to a large audience in Rome. The author was not called before the curtain. It is thought he pirated his plot from Boucicault, anyhow.—*Norristown Herald*.

A NEW YORK dry goods drummer, having an hour's leisure, went into a Paterson foundry the other morning, and, going too close to the machinery, a ten-ton-trip-hammer hit him in the cheek and broke itself all to pieces. He immediately left the town to avoid a suit for damages.—*P. I. Man*.

LORD SALISBURY, in a recent address, remarked that to enter a journalistic career required no capital and comparatively little training, but a large amount of brains. It is generally the other way in this country—very little brains, a small capital, no training, and a patent outside.—*Norristown Herald*.

IT has been ascertained that a book-agent can be won by kindness. One day last week a West Hill man tried it on one of them. He beat him with a bludgeon and broke his arm, poured kerosene over his clothes, and set fire to it, shot him through the lungs and finally locked him up in a room with a mad dog, and the agent, deeply affected, whispered through the key-hole that as soon as the dog got through with him, he'd let him have a copy of "Moody's Anecdotes" for sixty-five cents, which was thirty per cent. off.—*Hawkeye*.

WHEN the East River Bridge is done, people will call going to Brooklyn "making the grand tower."—*Phila. Bulletin*.

THEY call him "Apollo Potter" now, because every time he calls a new witness he strikes a fresh lyre.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

IT seems wicked to pay \$50 for a bust of Shakspeare when thirty cents buys a peach-can combining grace, beauty, pose, sentiment, and two quarts of excellent fruit.—*Det. Free Press*.

NOW is the season when a fond-hearted parent is called upon for a fifty-dollar dress for his daughter, who is to read a fifty-cent essay at close of school.—*Free Press*.

"THURLOW WEED did not even know Bryant by sight." This is quite a coincidence. We are in the same fix. And further, we don't know even Anderson by sight—and don't want to know him by a darn sight!—*Norr. Herald*.

A NUMBER of States have passed bankrupt laws to take effect when the national bankrupt act, by repeal, shall cease to operate. This of course will cause trouble, and make people move about from State to State. If a man cannot be a national bankrupt, he might as well continue in business.—*N. O. Picayune*.

CHICAGO females visit condemned murderers in prison and actually kiss them. This is taking a very unfair advantage of a man. He has no chance to escape, and is therefore compelled to submit. We now understand why those two men who were hanged in Chicago, a few days ago, expressed a strong desire, a month previously, to have the execution take place "as soon as possible."—*Norristown Herald*.

"Mais, Monsieur le presiding," said General Grant, "you will be toujours le marechal de France, while I am jamais le general, but a plain citoyen." "But ze fame of your grande battalies will make you always live in ze hearts of ze peuple as ze marshal d'Amerique," replied MacMahon. "Ah, qu'est-ce que c'est your donnezing us; taffy?" inquired Grant.—*St. Albans Advt.*

"THERE goes a maiden wooed and won,"
Said Robinson to Brown,
As by there passed a dainty dame
With richly brodered gown,
"And there," said Brown, with finger placed
A painted form upon
That fronted a tobacco mart,
"There stands a wooden one."
—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Oh! deficient was his courage,
When he ascertained that her age
Would most certainly discourage
His attentions.

He gave way to sad reflections,
Interspersed with interjections,
And resigned, without objections,
His pretensions.
—*N. J. Republican*.

SOME few years ago a western genius invented a "cute" arrangement by which the person sitting in a carriage could immediately stop a runaway horse. It is simply a sort of a derrick over the horse, and as soon as the animal makes an effort to run away the driver operates a pulley and draws the horse off his feet. Like a new paper in the country, it fills a long-felt want, but it was left to a Norristown man to make it perfect. The old arrangement was not a particle of use to a man on the back of a runaway horse. By a simple attachment perfected by the giant intellect of one of our citizens, a man riding horseback is enabled to hoist his steed off his feet the moment he evinces a disposition to run away. There is no knowing where the ingenuity of man will stop in this second century of our existence as a free and independent people.—*Norr. Herald*.

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* of Saturday copies this item from an Irish paper: "Purse lost by a poor widow woman who has a sick child containing 13s. and a letter." And adds: "No wonder the child is unwell." The next item down the column is the *Gazette's* own, and it is as follows: "Robert Taylor, aged eighty-three years, is the father of twenty-five children by three wives seventeen of whom are living." Robert should be tried for bigamy. —*Detroit Free Press.*

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FIRST OF AUGUST, 1878,
and every Bond bought of us on or before the first of August, is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. These Bonds are negotiable at any time at their market quotations, both in America and Germany, and can never be worth less than their face value. An official report of the drawing will be mailed to each Bondholder. Out-of-town orders, sent in REGISTERED LETTERS and inclosing \$5, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing. For Bonds, circulars and other information address the
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Half-Tickets, One Dollar.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Capital Prize.....	\$30,000
1 Capital Prize.....	10,000
1 Capital Prize.....	5,000
2 Prizes of \$2500.....	5,000
5 Prizes of 1000.....	5,000
20 Prizes of 500.....	10,000
100 Prizes of 100.....	10,000
200 Prizes of 50.....	10,000
500 Prizes of 20.....	10,000
1000 Prizes of 10.....	10,000

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9 Approximation Prizes of 200.....	1,800
9 Approximation Prizes of 100.....	900

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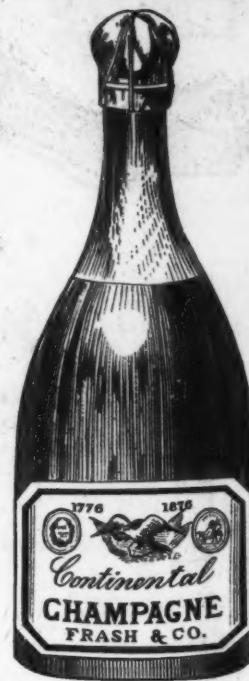
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